SMOKE SIGNALS
By The Old Chief

Ho-Hum, me have plenty sleep last week, but one time today, I hear knock on cabin door, me answer, there stand Big Noise Adams again. Him say, "what's matter, you no write for Big Chief Memmott last week?" Me say, "me tell-em you, mind blank last week, what's matter, you no savy?"

Me hear delegates in Washington coming along good with Ute Bill. Me glad, my mixed-blood brothers, they work hard for good bill for Watkins man. They say, they all tired, just like wild cyuse. White man no want'em, Indian no want'em, they go no where fast, now, they make own reservation and get ready for termination and be like white brothers, me no understand, all day, me try to think, how gonna make Injun into white man, maybe he dress like one, eat like one, drive car like one, but, me no savy how make-em skin like'em. Maybe big wheels in Indian office savy, we write letter and find out, maybe.

Me hear Roosevelt Commercial Club have big shin-dig up in Big Park in Uinta Canyon, me saddle old horse and ride up there, me stand back of big pine tree, look 'round, see'em old timer Bill Morrison serving something, and stirring something in big wash tub, me think, maybe Pale Face brothers gonna take Saturday night bath, or maybe wash 'em clothes, look closer, Ha, they have tubfulla Java. Pretty soon me hear'em two girls singing, "Indian Love Call." Me get plenty scared. Think maybe see me, I run, no go back, get on top of hill, look back, looks like LaVera Bellon and Lorena Iorg, maybe, looks that way. Me go home, get late now, maybe my friend Indian police-man Montes see me, and ask, where been, and me no like to fool him, he plenty smart about Indian. Me go now, see you next week, maybe.